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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VI.—No. 257.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]



ALLY AT THE BOAT RACE.

"For a long time past Poor Papa has been devoting his spare time to perfecting a Life-Saving Apparatus. The first experiment came off at the University Boat Race, and Aunt Geeser believed so implicitly in the scheme, that, with the courage of Joan of Arc, she volunteered for the first journey across, and just as the race began, too. . . . If she recovers, the doctors say she'll have to take diggings in The Sahara. On the other hand, if she dies, Papa says he shall use his influence to get her buried either at St. Paul's Cathedral or the Westminster Aquarium. Personally, either would suit him."—TOOTSIE.

WHY SPARKINS MISSED THE RACE.



1. "Two long hours has that girl of mine kept me waiting," muttered young Sparkins. "Dashed if I don't try to pal on to this tartlet coming along."

2. And he did, too, just as his Angelina made her appearance. Alas, that his desire for vengeance on his laggard lady-love should have such an ending.

3. "Oh, shrieks!" he yelled, "have a little mercy, my dear." She had none, and the local chemist sold out his last bottle of hair restorer before nightfall.

THE GAY GUARDSMAN.

THE sad story of Annette Myers, some forty years ago, sent a thrill through thousands of hearts, and Mr. John Bright, M.P., presiding at a great demonstration at the "London Tavern," in a powerful speech advocated the claim to mercy for the wretched girl who had shot dead handsome Harry Ducker, a soldier in the Guards.

Annette was educated in a convent, and at the age of fifteen adopted by a well-known and respected nobleman, who found a home for her at his ancestral mansion, and surrounded her with all the pleasures that wealth could procure. This brilliant dream, however, lasted but a short time. Very soon people began to notice the striking likeness between the nobleman and his adopted child, and the servants whispered and laughed. The nobleman valued his own good name above all things, and at once changing his plans, apprenticed his astonished and humiliated daughter, for such she was, for four years to a dressmaker. Her mistress, however, was not long in discovering that Annette was no good at the business, but she kept her to assist in the housework. A young stationer in the neighbourhood here offered her marriage, but after a while broke off the engagement and married another woman. She then obtained a situation as lady's-maid, but subsequently changed it for that of housemaid.

Whilst in this situation, she made acquaintance with the good-looking vagabond, Harry Ducker, who pretended that

he was serving under a false name, and in reality belonged to a noble family. Having learnt Annette Myers' history, he soon managed to win her affections, and almost as soon reduced her to the streets. In her misery and degradation she at last determined to be revenged, and obtaining a pistol, shot the scoundrel in the Park.

The Times said, "Had she been a man, she would have demanded the meeting and shot her deceiver," and it was justly argued that if Lieut.-Colonel Monro, tried in 1816 for committing murder in a duel, was sentenced only to twelve months' imprisonment in Newgate, it was hard to discern how, with justice, a sterner measure of punishment could be allotted to Annette Myers. The trial, however, necessarily resulted in a verdict of "Guilty"; but this was accompanied with a strong recommendation to mercy, on account of the great provocation the prisoner had endured. The Lord Chief Baron, in passing sentence, burst into tears, and all present were moved with pity. From everywhere there came prayers for mercy, and three days after her sentence she was respited "during pleasure," to be afterwards transported, but in the colony to which she was sent, she was soon after happily married.

The most thrilling part of the story has yet to be told, and I give it in brief from the account by Alfred Dymond. The husband of the milliner to whom Annette was apprenticed, he says, called on Mr. George Thompson, M.P., then an extraordinarily popular public speaker, and related the secret of Annette's birth. Mr. Thompson at once called at the nobleman's town residence in one of the most aristocratic squares. He found him to be "a fine portly man, bearing on his handsome countenance no traces of fear, or guilt, or shame, no thought of that skeleton in the cupboard that was in a moment to be stalked before his eyes. 'You are the father of Annette Myers?' uttered slowly, calmly, but with determination, as the speaker looked him full in the face, struck home as though a dagger had pierced his heart. Pale, and sick and faint, he stood, though it seemed as if he would have fallen—a poor cowed, trembling culprit, waiting his sentence." He had, to all appearance, resolved to leave his wretched child to her fate, but now was told that his secret was known, and that if he refused the appeal for aid to procure counsel for her defence, his shame and disgrace should be proclaimed far and wide; whilst if he agreed, his name should be kept secret. He agreed, of course, and the secret is a secret still.

"Billiam," murmured the Sloperian blossom, "there's been other hot 'uns as well as Poor Pa."

And Billiam sighed.

(Next week, "A Handy Man.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

H. W. DALTON (Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park).—Of course it does not matter. If they reach the Letter-Box, that is all we care. JOSEPH HEDGE (Battersea).—You had Battersea a solicitor. Can't understand it at all. F. G. R.—Not so easy as you think. However, we'll do our utmost to please you. POET.—Send them in, by all means. By-the-by, perhaps we ought to mention that our Office Boy gets no salary, but the proceeds of the waste paper go to him. He talks of retiring soon on his fortune. INDIGNANT is requested to call at No. 99 when our Fighting Editor is sufficiently sober to thrash him. FAIRIE (Brixton).—Do—oh, do not despair! We shall continue to give away Sloper Watches until there are no more applications for them; only then will we cease. H. FARNIE (Peckham).—Poor ickle sing, den! Did 'un make one application for a Watch some months ago, and not having one yet, wrote to express "the surprise and indignation" you feel at such treatment? Poor 'ittle chappie wappie! you'll have to apply a few more times—well, "just a little." ANXIOUS MAUDIE wishes to know how to answer a gentleman who begs her pardon after tearing her dress? Well, it greatly depends, Maudie, upon who the gentleman is. If he is a "nobody," or your brother, or any other creature of that kind, anything like "So you ought, you clumsy lout," will do; but if he is an "eligible," you must say, "Oh, pray don't mention it! it's only a woe, wee tear; it does not matter in the least, really!" DAISY.—Did he really, now? Well, if ever. Oh, you think he was right? Oh, that's all right then. TWO JOBS.—All right, we are glad to hear you have got plenty of patience. CONSTANT READER.—Bosh.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

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AN APRIL FOOL.

As this is purely a personal matter, be good enough to mark the Letters strictly Private, and Address—

"THE F. O. M.,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * * The List will close SATURDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1889.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"HERE, you children in the first standard," said an examiner, "do you know your A B Cs?" "Yez, sur," piped a child, "O! knows er bee sees. If er couldn't see, er couldn't find 'er way back to th' hive."

"He's that conceited," said dear old Scotchswallow, "that I do believe he thinks that every morning the sun rises on purpose to see how he gets down his first brandy-and-soda."

A FEATHER too high, or a feather too low,
Our Blues Light and Dark to the critics may show;
But there's one sort of feather the Blues Dark and Light
Have never yet sported—the feather that's white.

"I UNDERSTAND you are a professional, Mr. Strummer," remarked a fair pianist. "Yes, madam," was the reply; "but pray do not permit my feelings to interfere with your amusement. I can stand it."

"I MEAN to learn a heap of languages, and no mistake," swaggered young Clevercard, adding, "Which would you recommend me to start on?" And his friend simply replied, "English!"



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 257.—The "Naughty Gal" Costume.



Poor stonybroke ALLY! Fancy an eminent Editor being reduced to going round with the subscribers' copies! "It's all them there Five Hundreds, and sich-like," said Mrs. S.



She. Well, I declare! I can distinctly see one or two hairs on your lip. I wish you could see them yourself! "After cultivating for years, too; but no matter."



She (going over Studio). Now, I don't call that a pretty picture. He (telling his sister; you don't know her, do you? She (anxious to mend matters). Oh, no! but you're so clever, that I've no doubt it's a very excellent likeness.



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Cabman. Well, I'm d-d, the only time I asked the right fare, and if she 'asn't given me a duffin' bob. No more 'onesty for me.



Alexandry doing it large at the Boat Race. "Carn't make out what some o' them gals is a-larkin' at," mused he, supremely happy in his own conceit.

"WHERE are you going?" asked Bungy South. "I'm going down to the nursery to see a cousin there," replied Jack Allen. "The nursery!" exclaimed Bungy Smith. "Where's that?" "Why, Sandhurst, of course," said Jack Allen. "A nursery is the place for infants in arms, isn't it? Well, ain't military cadets infants in arms?"

LAST week the Great One had been having a good game at cricket among the long churchwardens and spittoons of the social "Blue Pig." He had been talking of his boyhood's days in the country, and he wished that he was a boy once more, with a pennorth of Everton toffee in one pocket and a peg-top in the other. But when he got outside, and swarmed up the nearest lamp-post, thinking he was bird-nesting, and when he pulled at the whiskers of the stalwart city constable, saying he wanted some moss to pack his violets in, and when he poked his gingham through the Waterbury Watch shop window, and said he was going to fish for the gold-fish in the bowl, then another old patriarch was asked to toe the line at the "copper warehouse," Blackfriars.

Now, unless he was told,
Sure no one would heed it—
The more bread there is sold,
The less there is kneaded (needed).

FAVOURITE POETS.—For Lifeguardsmen, Longfellow; for Lancers, Shakespear(e); for fishmongers, Shelley and Crabble; for firemen, Burns; for gluttons, More and Moore; for Romanists, Pope; for lions, Dry-den; for thieves, Bayley; for jewellers, Goldsmith; for gourmands, Suckling, Hogg, and Bacon; for sportsmen, Hunt; for athletes, Tennyson; for college dons, Froctor; for everybody, SLOPER.

THEY called Jones "Old Nitrates" because he was always to be found on the ground somewhere or the other in the early hours of the morning.

SCENE.—At the Charing Cross Railway Station.
Youthful Masher (anxious to captivate the pretty girls at the refreshment bar). Are you coming, guv'nor? I'm going to see the belles.

Old-fashioned Father. You don't want to worry yourself about them, Tom. The porter will see to the labels.

"PA," said the olive-branch, "why is the House of Commons like a pawnbroker's shop?" The old 'un chuckled it in once, and the boy Bladder explained, "Because people can't go there without interest. Everybody goes there to spout, and lots who go there don't redeem their pledges."

"THERE is no doubt that getting up early in the morning is a most excellent habit to acquire," remarked Ladner. "Don't you believe it," declared Lazyboy; "it's most unnatural! There is nothing in the whole world from men down to mushrooms that get up early unless they're forced."

I DON'T dislike the north-east wind,
The frost, or cruel snow;
Thermometers I do not mind,
If they be high or low.

But rain is what I'd never choose—
That's one thing I study;
For wet makes mire, which soils folk's shoes,
And makes carpets muddy.

"DRINK to me only with thine eyes," said he; and she retorted, "Garn! and let you have the 'ole bloomin' pot to your own cheek! No fear! I drinks to you with my beak. S'luck!"

"IT is enough," said ALLY, "to make a Peruvian bark when I see that McGooseley pulling at the tops of the airy railings, 'cos he thinks he's hired by the landlord of the 'Blue Pig' as head Saturday-four-half-and-half drawer. An occasional one too many and a brace over I don't mind; but behave like a gentleman, I say, and you'll always find a helping lamp-post or pillar-box somewhere or the other."

Mother (to Clergyman). Yes, sir, I'm sorry to say that our Jemmie is a very naughty boy, sir. I can't do anything with him, sir. He'll take anything he comes across, sir.

Little Sister. 'Cept powders, mother; you know he won't take them.

WHEN Mrs. Spingles heard that the Oxford crew commenced their training on the Isis, she said she wondered the beastly cold stuff didn't give them camp in the abdimyn. She was sorry to learn the Cambridge boat was thwarted, and wondered they didn't use Cam-stools, and she was interested to gather from the intelligence that the Light Blues had a hard row every morning, the inference being that they were dieted on the good old bloater.

"I UNDERSTAND, my lord," observed the curate, "that you object to my playing the piano at public concerts." "No, sir, you have been misinformed," replied the bishop, frigidly. "What I object to is, your doing anything else."

Alas! I cannot rest.
The night is dreary,
The sun's sunk in the west,
And I am weary.
And I am weary and cannot rest—
Cannot sit on the nail in the old oak chest.

MISS SOPHIE SUNNYMACK was down at Ramsgate last week. That girl's egotism will be the death of her. When she saw 'em hoisting the weather-drum she burst into tears. She thought the harbour authorities had deliberately intended to insult her by sticking on the top of "that pole thing" an exact imitation of her dress-improver.

THIS is in strict confidence to our readers, and must absolutely go no further. ALLY SLOPER got tight the other night! Just as he began to feel funny, he said to the Marquess of —, "but we must not mention names, 'You'll see me home, old man, won't you?'" "Of course I will," answered the marquess. "Proud, dear boy." Accordingly, about two o'clock, they started off in the brougham, and the marquess inquired, "Let's see, whereabouts in Battersea do you live?" "That's your affair," answered the Eminent. "You promised to shree me home, and you've got to do it (hic)." So, in consequence of all the pubs being closed, they had to drive half round Battersea before meeting with a constable who was acquainted with the Earl of Mildew Court, and the marquess swore so much that he cracked all the windows in the brougham.

ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION.

The next picture offered to the readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is an oil painting by HAYNES WILLIAMS, measuring 4 ft. 6 in. x 3 ft. 10 in. in a splendid gold frame, and entitled,

"WISHING AND WAITING."

All that has to be done is to make ONE APPLICATION ONLY, by sending an Envelope with this announcement enclosed, together with the Name and Address of the Applicant. The list closes to-morrow, March 31st.

Address—"ALLY SLOPER'S ART UNION,"

"THE SLOPERIES,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * * This Picture is on View every Friday afternoon between 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. and our Readers are cordially invited.

TOOTSIE ON "APRIL FOOL"-ING.

ONCE upon a time, it would appear, people used to think it awfully good fun to make fools of one another on the first of April. Perhaps it's because people nowadays, as a rule, make fools of themselves on every other day of the year, that the custom has gone out a little.



Three clever be-foolers.

Saw him stop, look about him, and then walk on. Halted him three times in the same way. Tried a fourth, and popped my head out at the wrong moment. Boy, in great passion, threw a turnip, which broke me a half-crown pane, and woke my wife. Swore I knew nothing about it, and sneaked down to breakfast.

"9 a.m.—Went to table-drawer, and slyly pocketed three little lumps of alabaster. Put alabaster at the top of sugar-basin, and, to my great delight, saw Kitty put one into each of the children's cups. Children hammered away, wondering why sugar would not melt. Thought I should have died. Three of my best silver spoons bent as crooked as rams' horns. Very demure when wife came down. Don't joke with wife. Harpooners have same reason for not meddling with a certain species of whale—too fierce."

Next, he sends Molly the housemaid to buy a straight hook and a glass ink-horn, and tells her to look out for a male mermaid who is expected to swim down Fish Street Hill at two o'clock that day. Then he puts the clock on three hours, and breaks the spring. Then, in the street,

he fills a friend's umbrella with sawdust, at which he laughs till he cries, and the friend retaliates by throwing some of the sawdust in his eye, at which he cries till he laughs.

Next, he forges a letter from his friend Jolter, inviting his friend Scraggs to dine off a fine hare and sweet sauce, and rice *versé*. Scraggs to Jolter, to dine off real turtle, with the result that, the letters being compared, the alternative is offered our wag of paying up or being horsewhipped. Finally, forging the handwriting of another friend, he instructs a lawyer to lock up a neighbour, a joke that costs him close on a score of pounds. Good old joker! He must have remembered that first of April for some time to come.

Ma tells me that a cruel trick was once, a long while ago, played on her. It was, I think, in 1860, when someone sent her a card, sealed with an inverted sixpence, on which was printed, "Tower of London.—Admit the Bearer and Friend to view the Annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions, on Sunday, April 1st. Admitted only at the White Gate." Such a time as Ma, and about a hundred other people, had that Sunday morning on Tower Hill, looking for that gate, will never be forgotten by those on the job.

Poor Pa and that unhappy Billy have had a high old All Fools' Day this journey. Poor Pa was sent for a pennyworth of pigeon's milk to mix with his rum, and Billy for a pennyworth of strap-oil to a very quarrelsome shoemaker round the corner, with whom, it seems, he had a stand-up fight.

Tottie and Lari, who are, as per usual, "resting," have been staying at our Ancestral Hall for a day or two, and are extremely kittenish—indeed, I might say too kittenish for Ma, who was, not unnaturally, rather jealous at the way in which that Tottie and Poor Papa played at "Fooling" all day. And they made poor Billy believe



Billy made an April Fool.

that they were going to a costume ball, in consequence of which he got himself up as a Merry Andrew, and came over in a cab to catch them; and then they called him an April fool! We all, except Billy, laughed like anything. Billy went back home in the cab, and after paying his fare and sending the cab away, found he had not got his latch-key, and could not wake up the landlady, and a crowd gathering round, Billy was muchly chided.

TWENTY SLOPER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK

To Purchasers of
ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.
Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to:—
THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT,
"The Slopers,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.
"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," March 30th, 1889.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Occupation, if any.....

How many times applied.....

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday".....

The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, April 3rd, 1889. The Result of the Competition of March 23rd, 1889, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 6th, 1889.

138th WEEK.

RESULT OF MARCH 16th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded

- "SLOPER" WATCHES:—**
1. EDWARD A. HALL, Licensed Victualler's Manager, 33 Foley Street, Langham Place. Age, 33 years. Subscriber—since No. 1. LONDON.
 2. JAMES CASSADY, Theatrical Wig Maker, Care of Mrs. Pierson, 17 Shaftesbury Avenue, Bloomsbury. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—34 yrs. LONDON.
 3. EMILY JONES, 69 Hewlett Road, Bow. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—34 months. LONDON.
 4. STEPHEN REVELL, Labourer, 12 Barrow Hill Row. Age, 38 years. Subscriber—3 years, 7 months, 3 weeks. ASHFORD.
 5. GEORGE THISTLEWOOD, Hairdresser, 5 South End. Age, 19 years. Subscriber—nearly 5 years. BOSTON.
 6. BUGLER T. SURRIDGE, 5th Royal Irish Rifles, Staff Barracks. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—over 4 years. DOWNPATRICK.
 7. THOMAS WELLS, Groom, Church Yard. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—3 years, 8 months, 3 weeks. EDENBRIDGE.
 8. MARGARET DIXON, Landress, The Cross. Age, 22 years. Subscriber—4 years. ELSHAM.
 9. W. MAY, Greengrocer, 15 Carter's Cottages. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—since November, 1884. EPSOM.
 10. GEORGE WEEDON, Coachman, Coombe Lamas. Age, 45 years. Subscriber—4 years, 3 months. ESHER.
 11. JOHN HUGHES, Clerk, 30 Washington Place. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—over 3 years. LANDORE.
 12. DAVID JOHN JONES, Schoolboy, Near "Crown Inn," Cadoston. Age, 12 years. Subscriber—since August, 1884. NEATH.
 13. WILLIAM J. CULLEY, Assurance Agent, North Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—since commencement. NEWRY.
 14. EDWARD WOODWARD, Miller, 41 Alexandra Road. Age, 31 years. Subscriber—over 4 years. RAMSGATE.
 15. R. T. LATHAM, Butler, Norman House. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—4 years and 7 months. STANSTEAD.
 16. JOHN SKELHORN, Joiner, 10 Toy Cottages, Harts Hill. Age, 48 years. Subscriber—44 years. STOKE-ON-TRENT.
 17. JAMES HOUGHTON, Volunteer Instructor. Age, 36 years. Subscriber—3 years, 13 weeks. SWANAGE.
 18. JOHN SWANN, Flatelayer, Wombridge. Age, 57 years. Subscriber—since No. 6. WELLINGTON.
 19. ERNEST GARNER, Pupil Teacher, North Marston. Age, 15 years. Subscriber—3 years, 7 months. WINSLOW.
 20. EMMA HUBBARD, Mother's Help, Tuttle Lane. Age, 29 years. Subscriber—3 years and 37 weeks. WYMONDHAM.

SLOPER'S SOCIAL SONNETS.

NO. 23.—THE CHANCERY SUITOR.

In a dress all dingy black—
In such a bonnet, too! Good lack,
Faded gloves with fingers out;
See her in the noisy rout.

Outside the court the woman stands,
Where barristers in snowy bands
And gowns of splendid bombazine
Try to look so smart and keen.

Sometimes she loiters on the stairs,
And, when you meet her unawares,
You wonder who the scarecrow is
That office-boys so love to quiz.

Years and years and years ago,
That woman once was young, you know—
Bright of look and bright of eye
Before she took to Chan-cery.

I wonder what fine fun she saw
In taking up with "Missess Law!"—
In taking up the solemn port
Of bigwigs of the dreary court?

Sometimes she cackles to the judge,
And ushers snigger, grin and nudge;
Sometimes, when threats she will attempt,
Judges threaten with contempt.

I wonder now, if, after all,
When she on Justice haps to call,
In her string of grievance long
Is she in the right or wrong?

Some time, p'raps, she'll righted be.
Though you and I mayn't live to see;
A true, just judgment, p'raps, she may
Get given her on Judgment Day!

YOUR CHARACTER TOLD.

For the Benefit of the Readers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," the services of a Graphologist of great skill and talent have been engaged. Readers desiring a delineation of their character must send a letter of moderate length, signed with the usual signature, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (with the writer's own address). All letters must be directed to—

"ALLY SLOPER'S GRAPHOLOGIST,"

"THE SLOPERS,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Answers will be posted direct to the addresses given on Envelopes. No notice will be taken of any communication not complying with the above regulations. Answers cannot be guaranteed within fourteen days, but will be forwarded as early as possible.

THE TRAGEDY OF A BILL OF FARE.

HE went into the New Restaurant, and sat down at one of the little tables to have a plain, cheap lunch. He noticed with a smile

that the waiters were all waitresses with clean white sleeves, caps and aprons; and that business was far from brisk.

"This is deuced pleasant," he said, putting up his glass. Then a dainty little darling with fluffy brown hair and bright eyes tripped over with the bill of fare, and set it before him.

"Spring soup," "It's very nice," she said, encouragingly; "but most gentlemen begin with a few oysters."

He had the oysters. She brought them and handed him the wine list with a pretty white hand. "Bitter beer!" he murmured, timidly.

"Gentlemen generally drink Chablis with oysters," she said, firmly. He remembered that his fortnight's salary had been paid him only that morning. Suppose—only suppose—he was to "go it"—just for once?

"Bring me a bottle of it, my—my dear," he said, trying to smile. She glided away, and came back with the Chablis—a large bottle. It was sour, and very cold to drink, especially iced. But the soup warmed him up a bit, and his teeth ceased to chatter.

"Fish?" He mustered up courage to shake his head. "No fish! Gentlemen who come here usually order fish after oysters and spring soup. Have a salmon cutlet?"

He had a salmon cutlet, groaning inwardly. She whispered in his ear and suggested an entrée, "Stewed pigeons or hashed venison!" He gave in after a feeble show of resistance, and had stewed pigeon.

He laid down his knife and fork after a while and heaved a long sigh. He was not used to eat so ponderously in the middle of the day. She sidled up to him once more and leant over his shoulder. Would he have a slice off the joint?

"Bring me what you please," he said with a groan. He was too far gone for resistance. She skipped away and returned with a reeking plateful of roast mutton and currant jelly. Then she insisted on asparagus, and prompted more potatoes. And he yielded, almost without a struggle. Then her manner grew familiar, almost to tenderness. When she dropped hot gravy down his collar in whisking a tureen over his head it seemed like a caress. She breathed upon his cheek and sighed rather than asked what he would take in the way of sweets.

"Nothing," he said; for his whole nature revolted at the saccharine idea.

"Say an omelette *au gratin*," she pleaded tenderly. He turned a lack-lustre eye upon her, and bent his head. He was a child in her hands, and she knew it.

She brought him something hot, brown and eggy. This was the omelette; and stood by while he cleared it up. She brought him Sultana cheese, and burnt crusts with butter and watercresses. That, too, went down. She set before him a pile of feverish bananas and some last year's filberts. He got through part of one banana. Then she gave him black coffee and topped up with a glass thimbleful of something green and stinging. Then she fetched him a finger-bowl with rose-water in it, and when her abject victim would have gulped the contents of the bowl, she mercifully stopped him. Then she placed before him—the BILL!

He tottered out.

He tottered out of the New Restaurant a dyspeptic, ruined wretch. A titter followed him. She and her fellow-harpies were rejoicing at his downfall. "And I tipped her my last two bob!" he groaned. Then he clutched his hair, and cast himself under the wheels of a passing bus. That's all the Tragedy.



He tottered out.



Jones was very popular at evening parties, and his skill at organizing games, and his humorous songs, saved many a gathering from being pronounced "flat." And we have it on good authority that, after the above incident, the gusto with which he sang, "It's another colour now!" fairly brought down the house.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



NO. 71.—MISS LOTTIE BEAUMONT.

"Fairlest daughter of Eve, look kindly on my suit."
—The Dook Snook.

"She was not made till Nature was a skilful mistress of her craft."
—Lord Bob.

"She was a phantom of delight when first she gleamed upon my sight."
—The Hon. Billy.



OH, THOSE MISSIONARIES!

"The Rev. Jona Dab has left Mary-Land for Bess-Arabia."



"How annoying! I've only taken thirty shillings, and that horrid Violet Kissington must have taken as many pounds, all because she bites the ends off the cigars she sells, and even takes the first two or three puffs. Bah! I hate her, the fast little cat! And I hate bazars worse than anything."

PICKHEAD CONSULTS FATHER THAMES.

SHOWING HOW HE SPENT A PLEASANT DAY WITH OLD FATHER THAMES, AND, HAVING "PUMPED" HIM, MANAGED TO OBTAIN A RELIABLE TIP IN CONNECTION WITH THE BOAT RACE.



1. "Wish I knew which would win," mused Pick-head. "I think I'll consult Father Thames, he's sure to know. Nothing like going to the fountain head! This as I journeyed up to his little place, 'The Sourceries.' 'Why, bless my banks!' he cried, 'if it isn't Pickhead!'"



2. "Good old Picky! what'll you take?" "Well, I'm not a blue rib—I began. 'Ah, ha! I've something stronger than that,' said the old boy. 'Something bottled farther down?' I enquired; 'perhaps Blackwall way.' He smiled, and produced a bottle of Theophile.



3. "Here, Ebb! Flow!" he shouted. "Bother those girls, where have they got to?" Just then there emerged two nice little maids. "Look here, Ebb, just put that bottle in the stream to cool for a minute; and you, Flow, go and cut a couple of lily cups."



4. Away they lightly ran, and soon we were pledging each other. He gave the health of the crews, and I in a graceful speech proposed "The Ladies," coupled with the names of Ebb and Flow.

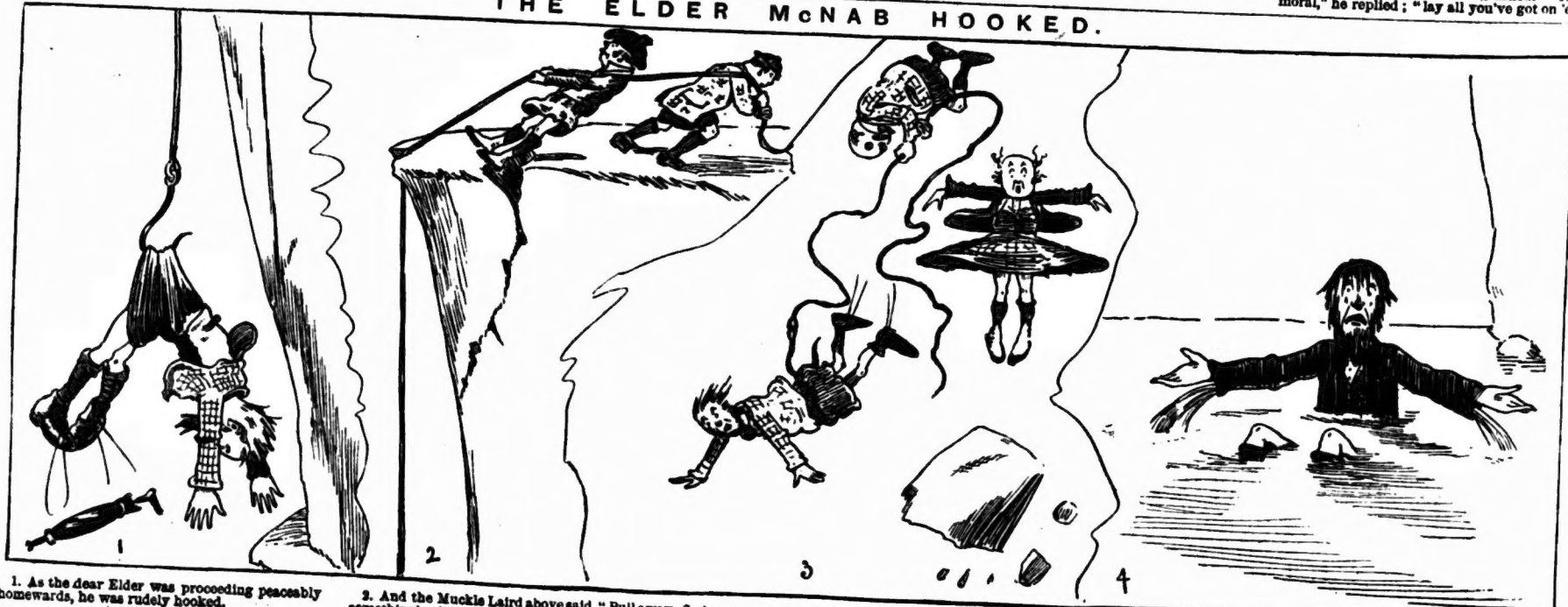


5. We enjoyed ourselves very much indeed, and later on, while the old fellow was having a quiet doze, the girls and I meandered pleasantly about, plucking bulrushes.



6. At last it was time to be off. "Oh, I nearly forgot to ask you who'll win!" I cried. He whispered. "You think so?" I asked. "It's a moral," he replied; "lay all you've got on 'em."

THE ELDER McNAB HOOKED.



1. As the dear Elder was proceeding peaceably homewards, he was rudely hooked.

2. And the Muckle Laird above said, "Pull away, Swine, something's giving way—suppose it's his flesh."

3. The Laird was the only one who "caught the wind," and he soliloquized, "Dang me, it wur that brae that guv way after a'!"

4. As the Elder crawled into shallow water he said, "Am fast turnin' a heathin. Tae be hooked like a bull-nosed cod wud mak' even a minister a heathin."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Ladies and Gentlemen, once more I welcome you to my weekly performance. But, hush! the overture has finished. Ting! there goes the prompter's bell, and up goes the curtain, and discloses to view the following tableaux:—*The child his mother did provoke, By lying in his cot to smoke:—But eight years old, yet he has been in gaol just forty times, 'twould seem:—At last the medal comes and cheers The man who'd waited four score years:—Poor SLOPER on this Quarter Day Looks anything but light and gay:—A prison life's the life for me, I do not wish to be set free:—“I did not mean to wed,” he said, “‘Twas just for fun I wooed the maid.”:—“Where were the police?” you may ask, To find them proved a hopeless task.—There you are! That's the finish of as brave a show as you'd find anywhere in London—nay, in the world. Press opinions, and several thousands of testimonials, will be forwarded free, gratis, for nothing, by—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.*



After the Blood-Stained Willie, the Gore-Bespattered One, had supped heavily off pork sausages, the other evening, he dreamed he was being hunted over a precipice by the animal depicted above. "Pork Sausages lie heavy."—SHAKESPEARE.

OVERHEARD AT THE BOAT RACE.



Sue! (anxious to enter into conversation). Weathaw deuced cold, haw! May I ask if you never wear a warmer jacket, haw? She (sweetly). No; I never was. Sue! Haw! [She left him pondering.]

AFTER THE CREWS HAD PASSED.



He. Ah! hear the cheering? That means they have just shot Hammersmith Bridge. She. How strange, now! I didn't hear any report. He. Oh! I mean they have shot under the Bridge. She (searmlly). Of course, I didn't think you meant they shot through the Bridge; their guns are not powerful enough!



Pasekins. Good-bye, cruel girl! your refusal has upset me terribly. Ada. Oh, nonsense! It's that bad champagne of papa's.



She may turn her back towards him, and pretend she's very shy. But when auntie's optic's off them—why, he'll kiss her on the sly. She may wriggle, she may struggle, and to get away may try; But he'll kiss her—yes, he'll kiss her—he will kiss her by-and-by.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

WITH this week's "HALF-HOLIDAY" we close "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL," for it is no use talking about Christmas when one gets to the time of year when the merry lambkin ought to be frisking in the fields, and when Mrs. Sloper begins to administer her daily dose of brimstone and treacle to Jubilee and the poor little Twins. Altogether we have done well. The total subscriptions received, £151 7s. 6d., enabled us to give a half-crown each to no less than 1,211 destitute people, the expenses being borne by ALLY, who tenders his thanks to all those kind hearts who responded to his Appeal. The Eminent also desires to be remembered to the good people who saw that the money went into the proper channels—for, after all, this is quite as important as collecting the money.



IN France, vitriol-throwing has recently been practised to such an alarming extent, that it is quite cheering to hear of the same fluid as having been the means of saving human life. This has been the case in Radomysl, a town in Russia, where a doctor, upon being attacked by a wolf, hurled a bottle of vitriol, that he carried, into the face of the animal, which was immediately blinded, and was killed without further trouble.

NEAR Meriden, Conn., the remains of a fossil tree of a genus, said by Herodotus to have become extinct many hundreds of years before the Christian era, have been found. Great interest is manifested in the discovery.

THE Auckland fashionables are quite excited over the fact that a young and handsome local tenor vocalist has fallen in for a fortune of nearly £30,000. Here's another chance for the girls who made a fuss over him when he used to warble those plaintive ditties and sigh, ah! ever so softly.

A SINGULAR coincidence this, don't you think? Grover Cleveland Stademan was born the day the President was in Omaha, a year ago last October, and was named after him. He died at the very hour when Mr. Cleveland ceased to be President.

AT the Leeds Assizes, a few days ago, William Thomas Swamley, aged 30, a clerk in holy orders, got six months for forging to a cheque the names of the Rev. Canon Barlesley and the Rev. Radnor Briggs. It was stated that the prisoner, who pleaded guilty, had ruined himself by excessive drinking, and by joining clubs, and "talking too much about politics." A warning to some of our Dissenting parsons, who are most ardent politicians.

THEY have discovered a new offence at Sydney. It is "trigamy." The man charged with it had married a third time, wives number one and two being still alive and kicking. Now the quidnuncs want to know, supposing a man were to marry a fourth wife without waiting for the death of numbers one, two, and three, would he be called a quadrigamist, a quadrilateralist, or what?

MADAME PATTI was wise not to take her most valuable jewels with her on her South American tour, nor to leave them at Craig-y-Noes. They have been deposited for safety with a banking firm in London.

Now-a-days, described as a domestic drama, and written by Wilson Barrett, is drawing large audiences to the Princess's every afternoon, and can certainly, when it starts on its country tour, take with it the prestige of a London success. The drama is rather of the improbable type as regards the racing details; but no one cares a whit for that. All they care is, that the villain comes to the usual bad end, and virtue regains triumph.

Miss Grace Hawthorne is seen to advantage, and Mr. Wilson Barrett gives us a clever character study as a "cute Yorkshire trainer."

THE annual report of the Inspector-General states that the number of recruits enrolled during 1888 in the regular army was 25,123. This is a great drop, being, indeed, the smallest since 1882. Fortunately the establishment of the army was complete at the opening of the year. The improvement in trade has had a great effect in preventing young fellows from enlisting. The same cause has affected the recruiting for the militia, which shows a decrease of more than 3,000 on the previous year.



THE applications for the Band Parts of the "Tootsie Gavotte" are simply pouring in from every corner of the kingdom, and the public may expect shortly to hear the strains of Dan Godfrey's pretty dance on every band and street organ in this gay and festive land. What a thing is fame! Bandmasters, professional and amateur, if you respect the F.O.M., and love Tootsie, write at once for the scores, which will be sent you, "free, gratis for nothink," as Aunt Geeser would say. What a thing it is to be a public philanthropist!

OUR readers will be glad to learn that at the Glamorganshire Assizes last week, Thomas Allen, the Zulu who so brutally murdered Mr. Kent, the hotel-keeper at Swansea, was sentenced to the death he so richly deserves. Mrs. Kent, the recipient of the "Sloper Medal for Valour," was the chief witness. The poor woman was very much upset.

We deeply regret to have to record the death of Ernest G. Reynolds, a young and rising artist, who, for some time past, had worked regularly week by week for the "HALF-HOLIDAY." He was the son of our old friend, Warwick Reynolds, and showed every promise of coming right to the front rank. Hardly had he attained manhood when he was called away to the far and distant shore. The last drawing he ever made appeared in "SLOPER" for March 16th, and he, it seems almost pathetically to us, entitled "Who Rang the Bell?"

A MOST interesting exhibition will, we believe, shortly be opened in the King's Library in the British Museum. It will deal with all the alphabets, past and present, of the world. Commencing with the earliest writings in existence, it will come down to our own familiar A B C. Professor Max Müller said recently that all existing alphabets could be traced from the Egyptian hieroglyphs. The new exhibition will afford an opportunity of testing this, because they will be arranged, as far as is possible, in chronological order.

FIFTY years ago in Turkey it was considered a disgrace for a woman to be able to read. But now the Sultan himself has established schools for girls. Women in India are also making progress.

THURSDAY and Friday nights of this week at Drury Lane Theatre were "bummers," good old Harry Payne taking his annual benefit on those evenings. ALLY is very fond of Harry, and takes a *Payne*-ful interest in him, but he would have been better pleased had he known sooner when the event was coming off, so as to have been able to announce it in time to give all Sloperites a chance of being present. Never mind, Harry, Lardi must wait till next year to show how she loves you.

A BILL has been brought into the House of Commons for the better regulation of London theatres and music-halls, and is certainly calculated to find favour with the playgoer, inasmuch as it affects his safety. It empowers the Home Secretary to inspect all the theatres and music-halls, and grant certificates of safety yearly, without which no license will be granted. No alterations in the structure of any theatre are to be made without the approval of the Home Secretary, and there are many other excellent clauses in the Bill.

WE are promised—at least, the weather-wise prophets predict—an exceptionally fine summer this year, and in view of this antithesis to last year's flood, a great spurt is being made in the production of headgear and garments of the lighter sort. Should the elements provide a fine Derby, white hats will be again in favour. The makers expect to recover their serious losses in this line of last year. One manufacturer alone is busy on no less than 10,000 such hats.

Two ladies, Mrs. Mary Hirsch and Miss Elizabeth Poole, residing in the Broadway, Cardiff, were recently driving home, when the vehicle was stopped by a gang of roughs, who clambered into it and robbed the ladies of a gold watch, a silver brooch, and other articles. Their cries brought assistance, but all the men escaped except one, who was held by the ladies and handed over to the police. There's pluck for you! How many spoilt darlings of the drawing room would have been able to show such nerve?

ALLY looked in at the London Pavilion the other evening, and was cordially greeted by the Prince of W—, or—we mean Mr. Swanborough. The splendid company engaged at this hall must cost the management a pretty pile. Beattie Bellwood, Tom Squire, the Great Mac, which the rest of it is Dermott, sprightly Jenny Hill, and Trewey the great shadowgraphist, who took off the F.O.M. to a T. Altogether, go when you may, there is no doubt that at the Pav. you will find all the Stars of the Music Hall profession shining brightly. If a ballet were added to the attractions it could not be more extensively patronised than it is.

Faust Up to Date still runs merrily at the Gaiety, and still the "house full" boards are in nightly requisition. Much has been done to keep this sparkling burlesque really up to date; and new songs and dances are always being introduced. If there does exist any benighted being who has not yet paid a visit to the Gaiety, let him take the advice which we offer him here, and weigh in without delay. Clever Mr. Lonnens's first benefit is fixed for April 1st, at one o'clock. We hope it will be a roaring success.

Up to the time of going to press, nothing has been heard of the whereabouts of Miss Mabel Love, a promising member of the Gaiety company, who left her home on Saturday morning, the 16th inst., and has not since been heard of. Miss Love is only 14 years of age, although she looks much older. If anything in the way of an abduction has taken place, the offender will, we hope, be speedily brought to justice. Miss Love's portrait appeared in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for February 23rd, 1889, under the heading of "Tootsie's Friends."



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 6TH, 1889.

31st March, 1831.—When Dr. Doune, who died this day of consumption, took possession of his first living, he went for a walk into the churchyard where the sexton was digging a grave, and he throwing up a skull, the doctor took it up and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple, which he drew out secretly and wrapped up in a corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the gravedigger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a brandy shop—an honest, drunken fellow, who, one night, having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only the neighbours reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the doctor, who, under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on her. He asked her several questions, and among others what sickness her husband died of. She, giving him the same account he had before received, he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried in authoritative voice, "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, was tried and executed.

1st April, 1839.—Mr. Garrard, writing from London to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, on this day, says: "I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one Captain Bailly; he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected, according to his ability, some four hackney coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had."

1st April, 1858.—At Lerwick, Peter Williamson, a merchant, this day murdered his wife and four children by cutting their throats, and then committed suicide in the most deliberate manner by cutting his own. One of his children, a boy, escaped maimed and bleeding from his father's murderous attack, and raised an alarm in the servants' room, but by that time the tragedy was completed upstairs.

1st April, 1578.—On this day was born the great William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

1st April, 1405.—Died Tamerlane, the Conqueror of Persia.

2nd April, 1870.—Theatrical managers might take a hint from the clever device which Phelps, the father of Edmund, who died this day, used to adopt during his famous management of Sadler's Wells. In *Henry V.*, in the march-past before Agincourt, the troops, we are told, defiled behind a set-piece which rose breast-high. Madame Tussaud modelled eighty wax heads; these were fitted on "dummy" figures of wicker-work, clad in the costume and armour of the period. Every man of the gallant forty carried two of these figures, one on either side, attached to a sort of framework which was lashed to his back; hence it seemed as if they were marching three abreast. As they tramped past, banners streaming, drums beating, trumpets braying, the stage seemed crowded with soldiers, and the illusion was so perfect that the audience never once discovered the artifice.

3rd April, 1829.—The *Engineer* says:—"Among the articles deposited in the corner stone of the New York New Coal and Iron Exchange was a document containing the following curious scrap of history: 'The first locomotive that ran on a railroad on this continent was imported from England by this company; was ordered in England by Horatio Allen, assistant engineer; was shipped from Liverpool on the above date, on board the packet ship *John Jay*; arrived in New York 17th of May, 1829; was sent up the river to Rondout, and arrived the 4th of July, 1829; from thence was transported by canal, and arrived at Honesdale July 23rd, 1829; and on the 8th of August made the trial trip. This locomotive was built at Stourbridge, England, and the boiler is now in use at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.'

3rd April, 1888.—This is the date of the first of a series of mysterious murders in Whitechapel, that of Emma Elizabeth Smith, forty-five years of age, near Osborn Street.

4th April, 1809.—A whale 75 feet in length, and nearly 25 in circumference, was this day mortally wounded and driven on shore off the Bligh Sands, below Gravesend, by a pilot named Barnes. It was of the pike-headed species, and weighed upwards of 30 tons. The Lord Mayor ordered it to be brought in a barge above London Bridge, where it was exhibited at 1s. per head, until an officer from the Admiralty claimed it as *droit*, and forcibly took possession. The blubber was valued at £150.

4th April, 1833.—The first railway was this day opened in Russia.

4th April, 1774.—Oliver Goldsmith died this day at his chambers in the Temple, and was buried in the churchyard of the Temple.

"Here lies the butt of all his better, The riddle of the world of letters."

5th April, 1605.—On this day died John Stow, who was born in London about 1525. He was bred a tailor, but began early to study the antiquities of his country. His first work was the "Summary of the Chronicles of England." In 1598, appeared the first edition of his "Survey of London." At last, when eighty years of age, Stow received a state acknowledgement of his public services, by obtaining permission from James I. to beg for his bread!

5th April, 1866.—John Denvel, the actor, died on this day. He was chiefly noted as being the original creator of the title rôle of Byron's gloomy play, *Manfred*. It is by no means a good acting play, and is seldom seen on the stage. Phelps, however, revived it some years since with a certain measure of success at Drury Lane Theatre.

5th April.—On this day, in the years 1837 and 1840 respectively, the Waterford and Cork theatres were destroyed by fire.

6th April, 1879.—A girl was this day horribly murdered by her brother, a mauaim, in Dublin. The murderer, a hunchback named McGivney, worked as a labourer, and supported his sister, to whom he was greatly attached. Early in the morning he issued, razor in hand, from his own little apartment, and, going into the room where his unconscious sister lay sleeping, with one fearful gash the hunchback almost severed her head from her body. Death was instantaneous. He then calmly sought the landlord and told him what he had done. When arrested, he said he had long contemplated killing his sister for her soul's safety, as if anything happened to him, she would have no means of subsistence, and might be compelled to lead a life of misery and degradation.

6th April, 1886.—The Abbé Liszt gave a grand reception on this day, at St. James's Hall, on the production of his oratorio of "St. Elizabeth."

6th April, 1852.—John Herbert, the well-known comedian, died on this date at the comparatively youthful age of thirty-eight.

ALLY SLOPER'S FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom. PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

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CUPID'S CRUISE.



On the Boat Race Day, so glorious,
Cupid, o'er all hearts victorious,
Braved the ocean-wave uproarious,
And the tempest stiff.
Not to Venus' rosy harbour,
But to Hymen's tranquil harbour
Did he steer his skiff.

There he made King Hymen fether
Two young fools for worse or better,
To their great relief.

Gay they were, and not despondent,
Till a wicked co-respondent
Brought them both to grief.

"Men and maidens,
wherefore tarry!"
Cupid cried. "Make
haste and marry—
On the road don't lag.
Great is the delight of mating,
Greater still of separating—
So the world must wag!"

GOOD GROUNDS FOR THE REMARK.

LAST week at Gloucester Market a farmer drew his companion's attention to some rather lean-looking sheep, and observed, "Ain't they powerful poor lukin' sheep?" "They didn't oughter be, either," remarked the drover in charge of them, "for they has been kep' on the commons." "Ay!" said the farmer, with a twinkle in his eye; "then it must have been awful short commons that yer have kep' em on."

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,

"The Sloperies,"

99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," March 30th, 1889.

Name

Address

Want*

* "Sloper Watches" will not be given.

113th WEEK.

RESULT OF MARCH 16th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. MISS S. M. HILL, 15 Old Jewry Chambers, Cheapside, LONDON.

A MANDOLIN.

2. G. E. STAFFORD, Barleythorpe, OAKHAM.

A HAT-BOX FOR TRAVELLING.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sader's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the advertisements inserted. Advertisements already received, which do not appear below, will be inserted as soon as space admits. Address—

TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

TWO LADIES (Cousins) wish to correspond with two gentlemen. Nora, aged 36, widow, considered good-looking, dark, lively disposition. Gentleman must be in comfortable position, dark, good-looking, and will exchange photo. Linda, aged 17, dark, medium height, fairly good-looking. Young gentleman must be in comfortable circumstances, good-looking, and of an affectionate nature. Will exchange photos. Address—"NORA," or "LINDA," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

WALTER, aged 23, not bad-looking, and of diversified tastes, wishes to correspond with a pretty and accomplished girl of affectionate disposition. Kindly reply, enclosing photo, to—"WALTER B.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

DOROTHY, aged 20, tall, dark, cheerful, and fond of society, would like to meet a tall gentleman with a view to matrimony. Send photo, which will be returned, to—"DOROTHY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, aged 27, who has just returned from abroad, considered very handsome, dark, with good appearance, would like to correspond with a young lady, fair, with a nice figure and good appearance. Money no object, as advertiser has an income of £750. Would like to settle in life. Please enclose photo, which will be returned, to—"HENRY C.," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG LADY, thoroughly domesticated, educated and accomplished, wishes to hear of a gentleman (officer or otherwise) who is going out to India or Australia. He must be affectionate and kind. Lady is dark, good figure; height, 5 feet, 4 inches, lively, aged 22. Applicants will be considered first who send photos, which will be returned. Address—"NELL," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.



ROSELYN (Aged 20).

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

* In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

NORTHAMPTON, March 5th, 1889.

DEAR SIR.—Having to address the envelopes for my boy's Presents vouchers, I thought it would interest you to know the following information I obtained upon asking at a place four miles from Wellingboro', particulars of the winner of the £500. The winner (eighteen years of age) has given his father £50, who was formerly a railway man, but who has lost his legs; £50 to his mother; and deposited £400 in a bank until he is twenty-one. As I am an entire stranger to the winner, I was remarkably pleased with the information casually picked up, and, no doubt, it will interest you. I feel I need not apologise; but I will remark, in closing, my wife and self were close readers of the Libel Case during the trial, and sympathised with you in the result. W. L.

THE "WALMER CASTLE," QUEEN'S PARK ROAD, BRIGHTON, March 6th, 1889.

MY DEAR SLOPER.—Although I joined your army of subscribers long ago, it seems to me but yesterday since I first speculated a penny in "ALLY SLOPER." Whilst taking a constitutional your phiz smiled upon me from a shop window. I succumbed to the magnetic influence of your genial visage, and bought a "H.-H." Strolling down to the sea-shore, I took a seat, and enjoyed an hour of Sloperian recreation. Now, I was wearing a pair of second-hand boots, which deplorable fact was brought home to me in a startling manner. The charm of the "HALF-HOLIDAY" and the grotesque antics of the Hon. Billy so amused me, that I fairly doubled up with laughter. In that attitude, I fancied that something had gone wrong with my patched-up feet protectors, so dodging behind a bathing machine, I took them off, and found that my explosions of mirth had caused the soles and uppers to nearly dissolve partnership. A curs(e)ory examination led me to indulge in the hope that there would be time to get home before the final catastrophe took place. Gingerly I bent a retreat, but when the handle of our door was in my hand, I was obliged to give vent to a roar of laughter, and before I could slip back again into the calm condition of subdued mirth, my wretched feet-cripples suddenly collapsed. Snatching up the remnants, I rushed through the house, in time to shy them at a tom-cat, who was trying to Sims Reeves his tabby Jane in a corner of the yard. Such was my first introduction to the "HALF-HOLIDAY." Believe me, dear SLOPER, yours very sincerely, JOHN BEAN.

LONDON, March 8th, 1889.

DARLING MRS. SLOPER.—I have often had the intention of sending you some useful and ornamental present, and now I think I have hit on the right thing. The enclosed garters are an "heirloom" of my great-grandma's, the Duchess of Muck—and I prize them very much. I hope you will take the greatest care of them, and place them amongst the "Relics." Please acknowledge the receipt of same in your valuable paper of Thursday next, and ever believe me, dear Mrs. Sloper, with fondest love to dearest ALLY and Tootsie, to be Yours truly, MAUD LANGDALE.

STOCKPORT, March 11th, 1889.

DEAR OLD ALLY.—I have great pleasure in sending you by this post a most remarkable specimen of a potato, which I am sure you will candidly admit bears a wonderful likeness to your groggy old phizog. Should you doubt this statement, please let your "old stocking mender" and the office boys be judge and jury. I can assure you it has had a very narrow escape from destruction, as I had only just time to snatch it from my old woman as she was making a "gradely Lancashire potato pie" for our dinner last Sunday. It is often said that "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin," and surely it is something to rejoice about when Dame Nature endeavours to imitate your old mug in this manner. Being a hatter, I have made him a Drab Shell, so he seems just ready to start out for the Derby. I would like you to give him a front seat in your Relic Museum. Please let your artist paint his old "weather peg" up a few tints, and then the flies won't trouble him. If you don't make a "potato" hash of him before April, please set him in your garden, and I have no doubt you will raise such a crop of young Ally Spuds as will surprise the world. Trusting you will act on these suggestions, I remain, with kind love to yourself, and Mrs. Sloper and Family, yours truly, A JOLLY YOUNG HATTER FROM STOCKPORT.

* The Fund will close this day, March 30th.

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED IN LAST WEEK'S "HALF-HOLIDAY," £150 13s. 8d. SINCE RECEIVED:—

TWO READERS, 1s. 1d.: TOMMY STARLING and TED WAXNOSE, 6d.; M. C. 6d.; ELLEN ELLIS, 1s.; LIONEL COX, 1s.; E. MALIN, 1s.; M. E. NABEL, 1s.; J. B. 1s.; W. CARTER, 1s.; Mrs. L. COX, 1s. 6d.; SINDAD THE SAILOR, 2s.; HERBERT WILLIAMS, 6d.; LITTLE PIPPY, 1s. 9d.

Making a total received up to March 19th, 1889—£151 7s. 6d.

VENUS AFLOAT.

SAID the Wife of my Bosom, "It's Boat Race Day,
And I'll give you a currant bun
If you'll stay at home with the children, dear,
While I go to enjoy the fun.
I have let down my hair, and in spangled tights
Your enchanting spouse you view;
I can handle an oar in Oxonian style,
And I'll paddle my own canoe."

The Wife of my Bosom went proudly forth
In her spangled suit so gay;
She rowed right in front of the rival boats,
And kept cheering all the way.
The 'Varsity oarsmen approved her deeds
Of aquatic heroism,
But she caught a cold, and—alas, the day!—
Is in bed with the rheu-ma-tism.

The currant bun which she promised me
For keeping the children quiet
I dare not solicit; I hold my tongue
For fear of domestic riot.
Oh, married men! on the Boat Race Day
Never mind the competing Blues—
Don't permit your wives to wear spangled tights,
Nor to paddle their own canoes.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A MORAL the Germans didn't back.—Sir Morrell Mackenzie. FATHER THAMES Chariots.—The Oxford and Cambridge coaches—and Eight.

"I TWIG it," as the schoolboy said when he got the birch. THE SONG, "The Last Watch," is not from *The Old Guard*. FROM THE STALLS.—"We like skirts scanty, don'tcherknow, and do not like 'em long."

"AFTER all, it was only a 'pledge' of my affection," as the young man said when he pawned the diamond ring his own particular Sunday-walker—outer gave him on his birthday. BOTTLED BIER.—"I'm in very good spirits," as the snake said when the professor bottled him.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF A CRUMPET.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

THERE were fewer lights in the Assembly Rooms: the ball was over, and only the company in the card-rooms remained. A couple of sleepy sedan-chair men stood under the porch, who woke up at Jonathan's cry, but did not join in the pursuit. The thief, however, alarmed, mended his pace. Jonathan followed as fast as he could.



There lay the white parcel.

thief turned another corner. Jonathan's breath began to fail him, and he no longer shouted. He, too, reached the corner, and turned it, finding himself facing the pier.

A few figures were discernible in the distance, seemingly fishermen; but the thief was nowhere to be seen. Right in front of Jonathan, however, in the middle of the pavement, lay the white parcel, and, panting for breath, he stooped and picked it up.

As he resumed the perpendicular, he saw the little tavern in front of him at which he had left his carpet-bag, and went in for a nip. Although without things were quiet enough, there was plenty of noise within, a party of rough-looking sailors surrounding the bar, smoking, drinking, and conducting themselves in an uproarious style.

"Have you come for your bag, sir?" said the landlady, handing it to him as she spoke. "Why, we all thought that you were lost."

"Not quite," said Jonathan, gasping. "I'll trouble you for a little neat brandy."

While it was being served, he placed the bag upon the counter, unlocked it, and deposited the paper parcel within, then drank the brandy.

Now, whether the liquor was particularly potent, or his interior arrangements had been thoroughly upset by the violent exertions he had just gone through, I cannot say; but Jonathan had no sooner drunk the spirit than he began to feel very sick, and leaving the bag as security for the price of the dram, hastily made for the door. Three minutes later, on his return, he was met upon the pavement in front of the tavern by the sailors coming out.

"He'll do for one. We've so few, we mustn't be particular," said a man who appeared to be in command of the party. "Bring him along."

"Do for what?" asked Jonathan.

"To serve His Majesty," replied the other.

"Nonsense!" cried Jonathan. "You mustn't press-gang me; I'm—I'm a drysalter."

"You'll be a wetsalter this time," said the officer, and Jonathan's cries were drowned in the guffaw this poor pleasantry occasioned, as they dragged him from the spot.

CHAPTER V.

IN the year 1803, war was declared against Buonaparte.

In 1805, the Battle of Trafalgar was fought, and Nelson killed.

From that time till 1815 we were hard at work fighting the Americans, Russians, and French.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the year 1810, one autumn evening in the twilight, Jonathan Crook walked into the same Margate tavern, and asked for his carpet-bag. The same woman was behind the bar, rather stouter, and with grey hair instead of brown. Jonathan, too, was very much changed, but still the landlady easily recognised him.

"Why," she cried, "is it you? We thought this time we had lost you, really. Whatever have you been doing?"

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 72.—MR. CORNEY GRAIN, F.O.S.

"The sylph-like hero of this week's sketch is unlike the majority of the gentlemen who have been honoured with a place in this now famous 'Gallery.' In at least two respects—namely, he himself is not a mystery, nor is his birth shrouded in ditto. Nevertheless, his claim to publicity is as strong as any of his predecessors. At an early age, Corney evinced a strong liking for the piano, and the persistency with which he would strum out that touching melody known to the universe as 'Lilla's a Lady' was moving in the extreme—indeed, so moving was it, that all the houses for half a mile around became untenanted long before the brilliant composition had been thoroughly mastered. He also wrote, composed and sang many humorous ditties, which were at once the delight of himself and the torture of his relatives. But Corney persevered, and is now quite at the top of the hollyhock in his particular line, and since his partnership with Mr. Read French—beg pardon, German Reed—has developed into an artist, whose sketches draw all London. Chiefly because he is fond of *A Day's Sport*, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, July 10th, 1888."—*Debrett improved.*



BAND GOES SAXPENCE.

First Celt. Loah, Sandy, me braw' lad, look at yer tattered breeks! Why iver din ye clap a clout to 'em?
Frugal Celt. Eh, but the pockets are a' sou'n, hinny; and whiles I was mendin' breeks, I'd just be tear'n' anither hole in a saxpence, ye ken!



It was, until lately, an intention on the part of the F.O.M. to organize a Sloperian Circus, in which the feats of Snatcher would have been the chief attraction, but since the Baldwin Pony fuse it has fallen through. "The best-laid schemes o' dogs and men gang aft a-gley."—*Burns up to Date.*



"What is all this?" you ask. Well, what should it be but the Eminent's "Arms," of course!

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ONLY SHE PRONOUNCED IT DIFFERENTLY.



Violet (with oars). Look here, Daisy, I'm getting rather tired of pulling. I wish either you or Harry would have a row.

Daisy (who is quite comfortable). Why, dear, we've only just this minute made it up after a most dreadful one.

JUGGINSON Fools with Fire.

"Swans are awful fun when they are in a rage. I'll pull that fellow's beak if he comes near enough and then you'll see a circus, Mary."



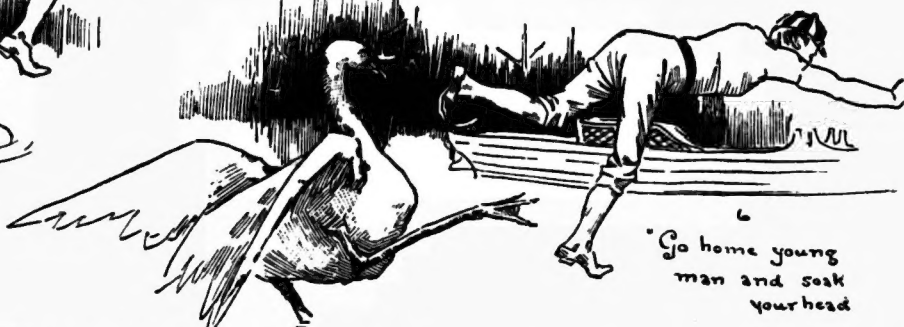
The Yaw whoop



The circus in full blast



The enemy sails in.



"Go home young man and soak your head"

Who would have believed Jugginson to be quite such an idiot? To think that after promising to scull his fiancée down to one of the best places to view the race, he should behave thus! He was no doubt elated at the thought of having her to himself for a brief period; but it was an insane desire to show off, which is his leading characteristic, that spoilt him. He was tempted, and he fell. They never speak as they pass by.